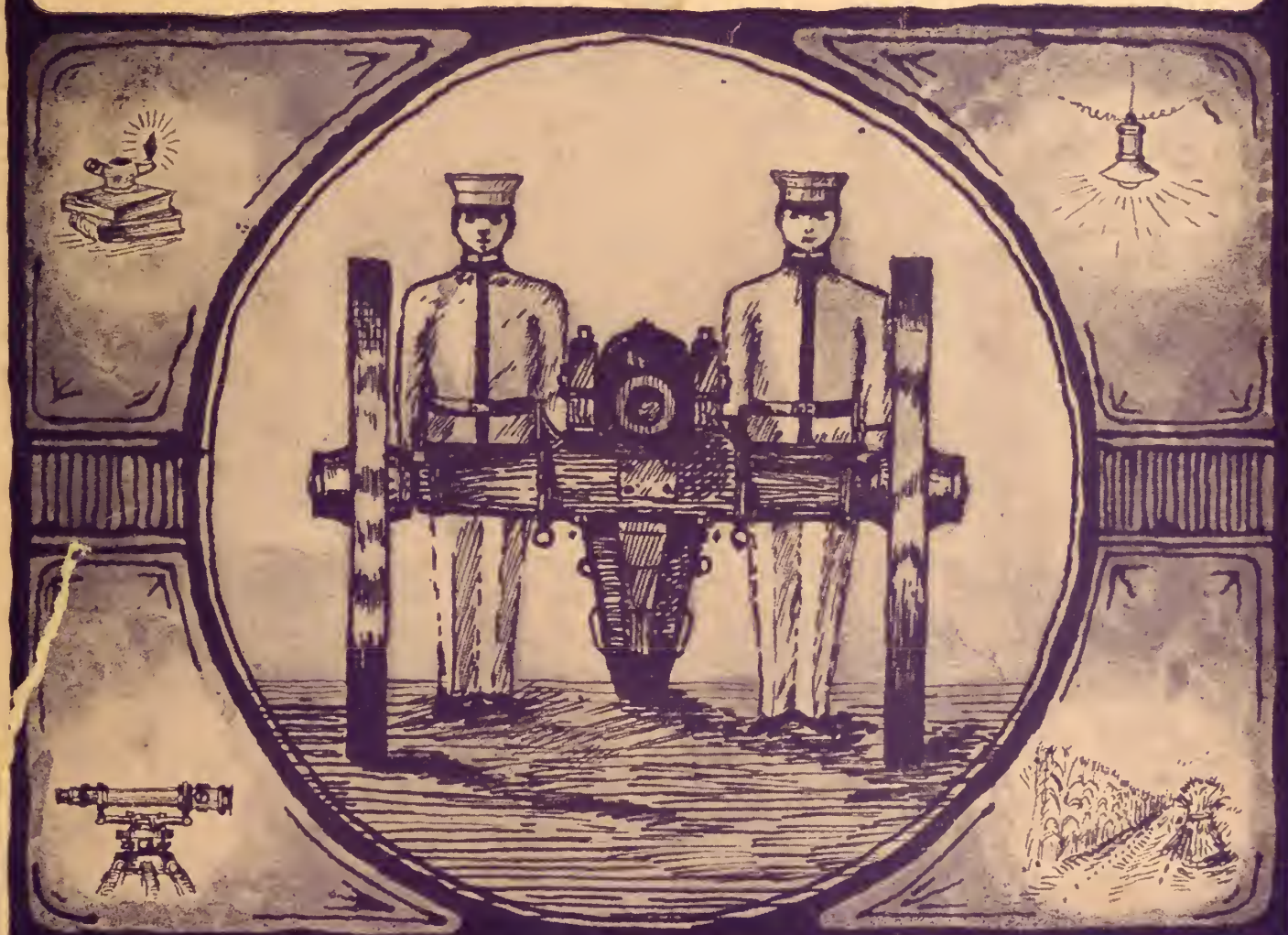


Nov. 2, 1915

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE



Volume Eight

Number Five

FEBRUARY, MCMV

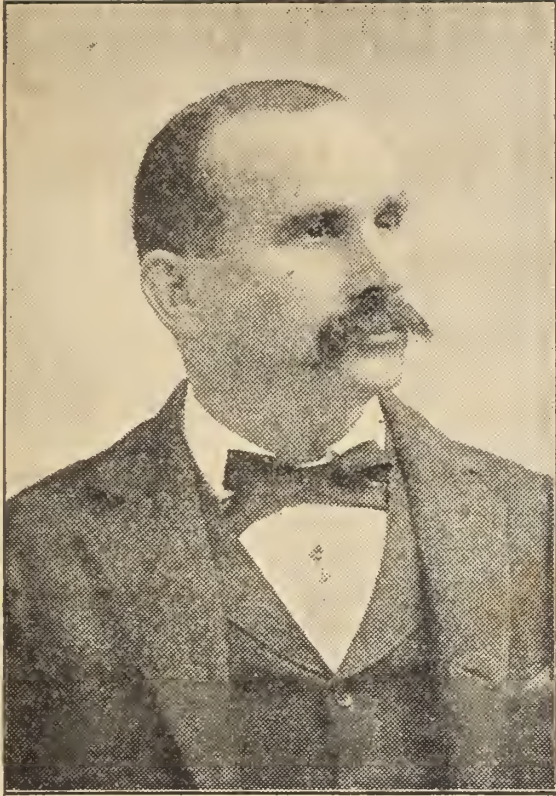
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[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]

PUBLISHED IN
THE R. L. BRYAN
COMPANY SHOP AT
COLUMBIA, S. C.

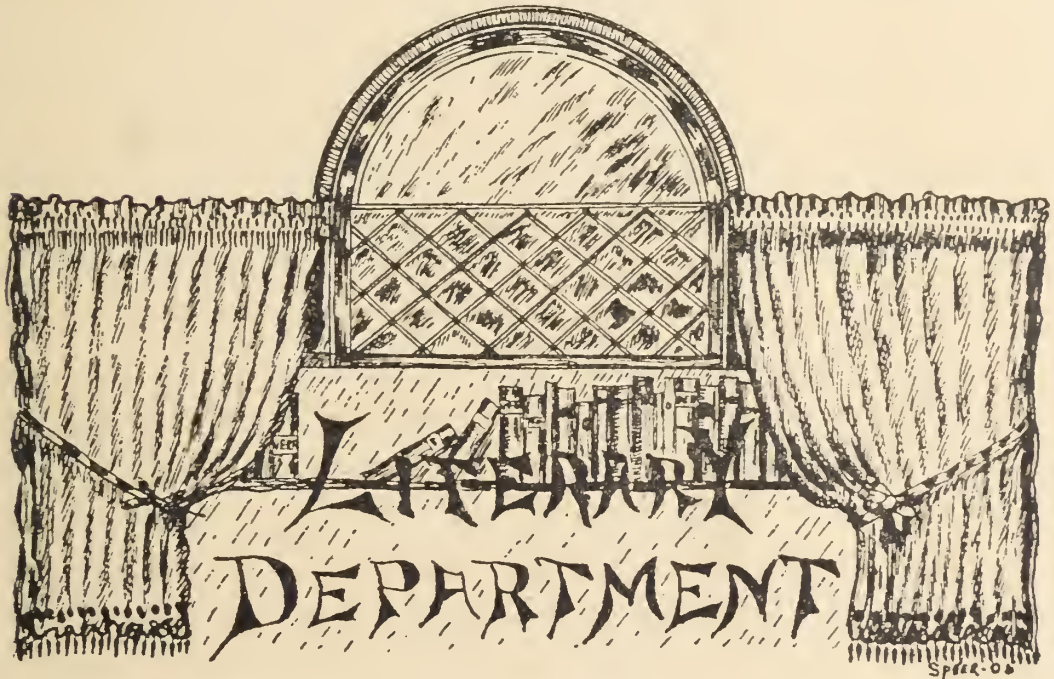


A. J. SPEER
President Palmetto Literary Society
First Quarter

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VIII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., FEBRUARY, 1905 No. 5



H. W. BARRE	}	- - - -	EDITORS
C. E. JONES			

The Race Problem

Some one has truly said that in 1861 the white man sold the negro, but now the negro sells himself. We see in this the simple transfer of masters, the transfer of rights, and the transfer of authority. History chronicles the advancements made by races on assuming control of themselves; but history also shows where an inferior race is given privileges that it does not fight to attain, the race generally degenerates. We see this exemplified directly in the race that constitutes our burden. I say burden, because nearly a half century has

shown that they are nothing less than a burden. South of the Mason and Dixon line there are about 8,000,000 negroes intermingled with nearly that many whites, mainly of the Teutonic race. Forty years ago this mass of negroes was chattel slaves. To the original and well defined characteristics of both races have been added all the peculiar influences and results that chattel slavery produces. Pride of race and the habit of dominating on the part of the whites stand over against the consciousness of race inferiority and the habit of submission on the part of the negroes. Here in its briefest statement are presented the factors of a problem, the complexity of which has never been equaled.

The sudden transition of the negroes from slavery to freedom was marked by one peculiarity that is not often or sufficiently considered—that is, that the transition was not effected by any aid of the enslaved race. During the entire war, the negroes lifted not a single hand nor struck a single blow for their freedom. The significance of this fact is tremendous as an indication of their capacity and character. Another peculiarity is that the master race did not voluntarily give their consent to the freedom of the slaves. The emancipation of the slaves was forced upon them at the point of bayonets, and without pecuniary compensation. This, too, is a fact of great significance in determining the attitude and temper of the master race at the beginning of what is known as our race problem.

We know that this problem is artificial or “man-made” in its nature. Neither Providence nor nature has placed the white man and the negro in the close contact in which they now live here. The negro was forcibly transplanted by the white man from his native land to our shore, from the wild freedom of the land of his origin to the slavery of this enlightened country. So, too, as I have already said, his freedom has come, not from his own natural resources or struggles, but wholly from the intervention of a people dis-

sociated from him in locality and alien to his habits, his characteristic impulses and passions. Again, the negro has had political rights and privileges thrust upon him without his demand for them, without his knowledge or appreciation of them, and without the least preliminary training or experience in *using* them.

Contrast all these facts with the relations of any backward race to an advanced one in any land or age, and the peculiarity and complexity of our problem will at once be seen. Time has shown that this problem is not to be settled in a decade or a century, but that it is to last for many centuries, for there is an undeniable repulsion existing among the whites for the negroes. This repulsion keeps the two races from intermarrying, which is the solution offered by some of our northern friends. Intermarriage is as undesirable as it is impossible, for it would result in the *degradation* of the *white* race and without the *elevation* of the *negro* race.

When we consider the true worth of the negro, our resources, and our climate, we see that no great phenomena have placed that race with us. The greatest worth a negro is to himself or to the South is when he is a hewer of wood or a tiller of the soil. When he leaves these vocations he goes beyond his common resources, and launches out into a world of ignorance. The South is primarily a land of farms; this demands cheap labor. Our climate is similar to that of Central Africa, thus making the South, from a climatic standpoint, a clustering place for them.

There has been a tremendous effort made to establish political equality between the two races, an effort which has resulted in shocking and unbearable dishonesty of government wherever the negro race predominated. This, in turn, inevitably aroused the fierce antagonism of the white race. The triumph of the white man in every struggle has left the relations of the two races embittered to a high degree. The negro has repeatedly added fuel to this hot fire of antagonism

by committing diabolical crimes, leading to the widespread practice of lynching. Theoretically, I would say with Abraham Lincoln, "There is no crime that lynching for it is not worse." But the South will not stop lynching until the negro race, as a unit, stops the crime. It can be done. If all the agencies and the millions of dollars now working for the negro's welfare were turned to this single end for the next decade, more would be done to further the negro's welfare than Hampton, Tuskegee and all the other educational appliances have done or ever will do.

The negro has been favored by our government time and again, and it is perfectly natural for them to feel their advancements. Mr. Roosevelt has committed several acts that proper respect for the South and its feelings would have caused him to have left undone. When he repeatedly appointed Crum Collector of the port of Charleston, he, possibly, wanted to acquire political weight in our State, but at the same time he intentionally or otherwise offered a passing insult to the whole white race. What has been the effect of this and the many other offences that he has committed? Why, precisely what must have been known beforehand—a great awakening of the negro race to old dreams and hopes of political advancement and supremacy; chagrin, disgust and a keen sense of injury on the part of the white race near where these offences were committed. Mr. Roosevelt's actions were mentioned simply to show what a really wise policy would have been for him to follow, and this is the ablest way in which to show a negro his place in this country. Instead of inviting negroes as his guests, thereby flouting the feelings of a whole section of country—the exact section, too, where our negro problem lies and where alone it must be worked out—let a policy of forbearance from aggravating what some may call a blind, a bitter prejudice be adopted. Instead of appointing a negro, because he is a negro, to a high office, for which he is not fit, appoint no man

because of his color, but only because of his worth and fitness. If these principles are followed, the South will work out its own destiny, and in the grandest and noblest way possible.

I have sought to call attention to this great race problem in such a way as to show the sentiment of race pride, the heinousness of race rivalry, and to show how it has been intensified time and again. I believe the Anglo-Saxon race is qualified and determined to work out this problem to a peaceful solution. With the abatement and extinction through the negroes themselves of the crime that first caused lynching, only the old tried common-place virtues are needed on the part of the whites—a deeply humane and Christian spirit; kindness of heart, manner, and conduct; helpfulness in all practical and reasonable ways; readiness to yield and defend all the ordinary civil rights; infinite and unfailing patience of spirit and of act. These virtues exhibited towards the negroes will do more than all the schools and colleges, churches and missions, to roll back the tide of bitterness that has risen so high in the last ten years; and will in due time bring about that peacefulness and mutual respect between the two races exactly suited, under normal conditions, to be useful to each other. M., '06.

When the Sea was all Mercury

(REPUTED TO BE THE DREAM OF A SENIOR AFTER HEARING
A LECTURE ON THE COOPER HEWITT MERCURY VAPOR
LAMP.)

Early in the morning of a bright summer day, the Ewitt, a little steam yacht of about thirty tons, steamed out of Beaufort harbor for a cruise to the Bahamas, Cuba and Martinique. I, Jonah Brown, was on board of her sight-seeing—the principal reason a desire to see Mt. Pelee, which mountain was in continuous eruption and had been for a period of

nearly two years. It had become a mere fad for summer voyagers to visit Mt. Pelee. The mountain was not dangerous, it seemed, as it simply gave out steam clouds—only an occasional small outburst of lava taking place, with no ash or rock masses at all. In was, in other words, a gigantic geyser, its crater being a boiling cauldron of water all the time. The light of a tropical sun shining on these steam clouds produced an attractive sight, and many voyagers or tourists went to see this alone—to loll around on the island, fishing and surf bathing, and then in the afternoon to watch the clouds over Mt. Pelee, as they changed in color and hue at the setting of the sun.

Not only were tourists and sight-seers attracted thus, but scientists and geologists were coming from afar to see and solve the volcanic problem—to get, may be, an insight into the internal formation of the earth in some of Pelee's quieter periods. I was somewhat a crank on the theories of earth origin at that time, and, curiosity-primed, I had boarded the Ewitt with the other members of our party—the rest mostly sight-seers—for this trip.

The weather for a week was very pleasant and our voyage was enjoyed by all. A pleasant balmy breeze blew from the South nearly all the time, and the passengers lolled about on the deck, lazily planning trips up the mountain. Those of a scientific nature found ample time to discuss their various theories and experiments. There was a Frenchman among them, who had a pet theory all his own—a very foolish one to all who were on board the ship. Every time he said anything about it to any one, he was laughed at and even ridiculed. "Never mind," said he, and stolidly kept his views to himself.

He had been making some researches, it seemed, concerning the chemical reactions of quicksilver or mercury, and every now and then he would bring a long string of equations into play when talking; and the rapidity with which

he uttered them indeed reminded one of an eruption, whether of a volcano or not. When these eruptions of his took place, all the passengers exploded with laughter.

The fourth day out, we sighted some small islands far ahead. And just at that time, also, one of those long, low, black clouds, which precede one of those West Indian squalls, was seen coming over the horizon. Our captain had cruised in these parts before, and with true seamanship had, by the use of his barometer, foretold its approach. Consequently, we were as much on the lookout for it as we were for the land. All aboard were forward looking for it to come up. Promptly as it came the captain and the Frenchman started up together—the Frenchman to say, “That’s it,” and the captain to give orders to cast anchor, for the islands were not where we could get close into harbor. We all expected the captain’s remark, but not the Frenchman’s and, therefore, when he started to dance up and down the deck, all eyes were turned upon him. Up and down he danced, pointing one of his long, bony fingers at the now rapidly approaching cloud. In spite of the interest in other things, everybody now stopped to have a good laugh at his expense, when one of the men at the windless called to the captain, “The anchor will not go to the bottom, captain.” “The devil it won’t,” snapped the captain. “We’ll see.” Now, our anchor was a ton mass of iron, and the fact that it would not sink to the bottom was preposterous. The captain had the men man the windlass again, and drop it over, but to no purpose. Only twenty-five feet of chain went overboard when the weight slackened like a fish line at the bite of some monster fish, which, mistaking it for a baited hook, had swallowed it, cut the line, and swum away. But we knew that no shark wanted that anchor, and, more than that, the anchor was still on the line, as hauling it up proved. The captain was dumfounded. He had never seen anything to equal it in all his career as a sea captain. The ship was now drifting,

too, as the wind was blowing a small breeze, and we could even see that we were getting farther away from the land. We had the engines, it was true, and these were gotten under way once more, having been stopped to permit the anchor's being thrown overboard. The ship had already been made ready for a gale, and the captain and his men were all at the anchor trying to force it to go to the bottom. We had all crowded around to see and to lend a hand, the little Frenchman with a broad smile, while the rest of us were as serious as could be. The captain now got out a lead line and tried it. It sank no further than the anchor when put overboard, and had a flexible bottom like a floating cork line. The Frenchman laughed outright, and the captain threatened to have him thrown overboard if he did not at once close his mouth as tight as a clam. He and the captain never did get on very well together, and he had learned to know that the captain meant what he said. So the Frenchman closed his mouth, and, turning on his heels, ran lightly down the deck to his cabin. The captain was again trying his lead, when the Frenchman came puffing up from the cabin with what looked like a metal bottle. It had a loose-fitting cork and two strings attached—one to the cork and one to the bottle. He put on all boldness and walked right up to the captain, pointing first at the captain's lead line and then at his bottle. The captain was on the point of running after him, with the evident intention of throwing him overboard, when his attention was attracted, by the rolling of distant thunder, to the nearness of the approaching storm. Every one began to realize the seriousness of the situation—the liability of being blown ashore among some of those numerous islands and washed to pieces by the waves. A strange awe had fallen over us all on account of the unprecedented action of the anchor. The idea of a two thousand pound anchor not sinking to the bottom, or at least to the end of its chain, was indeed a queer thing. We offered various solutions, one

man proposing to help all he could in any way, and even going up to the captain and offering assistance. The captain promptly boxed his ears, when he suggested that they cut the mast and stake the ship. What, cut his new mast for such a useless purpose? He would behead the man who did it. Just then came a croak and a giggle recognized as the Frenchman's. Looking up, we beheld him on the bowsprit, well nigh midway out. Pointing toward his breast and giving an affirmative nod, he changed his laughing face to one so suddenly white that we all stood aghast. What if he were crazy, and should lose his balance, and fall overboard. No one seemed to care. But clearly he did not intend to fall. He walked out a few feet further, balanced both feet, crossed himself three times, and then slowly lowered his weighted bottle by its two strings into the water, measuring the fathoms aloud as he lowered it—one, two, three, four. At first we said nothing on account of our curiosity to see what the man was going to do, but now we said nothing for fear that something unusual might happen. The captain was struck by our silence and looked up from his lead line. "Six," counted the Frenchman, and then pulled slowly on one string, finally jerking it. "What the thunder are you doing up there?" bellowed the captain, just as the Frenchman started to haul in on his second line. The captain caught up a spike that happened to be near at hand, and threw it at him, but it went wide of the mark. Somehow the string seemed to be more taught now than when it was being lowered. Up it came, and with a bound the Frenchman was on the deck, his bottle inverted, and quicksilver pouring out, was scattered all over the deck in a million small globules. We were all speechless. The captain forgot the Frenchman and his ship in the interest manifested in this discovery. No wonder the anchor would not go to the bottom. The bottom of the sea was mercury, and it floated it up half way and more. The little Frenchman was all

aglow and we were all astounded, and, more so, as the lineman reported that the line length below the water was rapidly growing shorter. Could it be that the mercury was going to displace the water of the sea? Just then the Frenchman hauled up another bottle and emptied it upon the deck. A loud thunder roll sounded, and the captain turned himself to the further care of his ship. "I know what I will do," said he, "I will load her full of mercury, and the squall certainly cannot blow her over then." Keeping a man at the line, sounding and reporting the rise of the mercury, which, though not fast, was quite perceptible, he provided his seamen and every passenger who would take one, with metal buckets and gig poles. His directions were for each man to sink his bucket when the mercury came within the depth of his pole, pushing it down and letting it fill, and then hauling it up and dumping it down the small hatches fore and aft. This was complied with, I seizing a bucket along with the rest. The mercury was fast rising higher and the clouds growing darker. Two fathoms, reported the lineman. The water was evidently receding before a rising current of mercury. The current of the water could be seen going by us to the northward.

We were now steaming directly into the teeth of the coming squall. Things grew somewhat more quiet, and passengers once more began to discuss the causes and probabilities of weathering the storm. What could be the cause of this disturbance? Dark wind clouds passed overhead, and the blue sky behind us was being fast shut out by the black curtain. The passengers, including the Frenchman, who had minutely obeyed the captain's orders about the buckets, were all discussing the trouble in an excited sort of way, when the Frenchman, who was still smiling, said, "It's Mount Pelee; come sooner than I thought." "The inside of the earth must be sweating up through the bottom of the sea," said one of our party. "It's the inside of the

earth coming up through Mt. Pelee," repeated the Frenchman. "What," gasped nearly every one at once, as the idea struck them. Could this old earth be really turning wrong side out through that pin-hole on Martinique? "Yes," said the Frenchman, once more; "the earth is turning wrong side out through Mt. Pelee. The interior of the earth is all quicksilver." Suppose the Frenchman's theory were correct, as his prophecy of foresight about the mercury had been. Horrors, if the old earth were to actually turn inside out, great would be the state of affairs! There would be no sunlight, no air—we would be all smothered to death. Some of us shuddered at the bare idea of such a thing. There would be such a compound mixture and turmoil of everything and everybody on the inside, that not any one could live to tell the tale; and more than that—"One fathom," came from the lineman. Each of us immediately sought his bucket, which had been well nigh forgotten, and the captain jumped up on the rail to superintend. "We'll have to work like the devil to fill her before she careens," he said quickly; "she draws five feet, and at this rate she will be over before we know it. The Frenchman was the first man to get his bucket down, sticking his pole in and pushing it down into the mercury and then drawing it up to the top of the water, and there he could get it no farther. "Pull it up," roared the officer. Jumping to his help, the captain tried it, raising it two feet from the surface of the water and stopping. A seaman caught hold with him and with difficulty they all three raised it up. "Ship's bottom, five feet," slowly called the lineman. "Thunderation," said the captain, "she will have to turn over and ruin herself. We could not load her in a year this way."

Instantly panic reigned on the ship. Everybody went in a wild hurry to get their personal belongings. The heavens were now completely obscured by the clouds—dark, black, threatening—and a strong breeze had started up. The

Frenchman alone was quiet, the destruction of the ship in a storm not seeming to enter his mind at all. The captain had the boats ready, and even now he could but with difficulty keep the passengers from entering them, though the squall was but just upon us.

That the ship was careening now became evident. She was slowly turning on her side. It was all expected, and we did not, therefore, show any more disquietude; in fact, we were in doubt as to whether it would be well to show it or not, for fear that it might have some effect on the already too serious situation. We had come to hope for the best in what at best was the worst, and were looking about at the increasing storm. The wind was fast freshening, and the water was being churned into breakers all around us—not the great rolling waves with their troughs and crests as ordinarily in a gale, but now the sea was a continuous surf. The storm increased in its fury, but, strange to say, the waves had not increased in size. They were actually growing smaller. The captain walked up and down the deck, a puzzled man.

The effect of the rising quicksilver was making itself apparent on the speed of our ship. She was slowing down, and they could get but little steerage way. The heavy pounding of the engines suggested the panting of a chained monster, trying to break the chains that bound him. Soon we could see the bright liquid metal as the waves, chasing one after another, swept the water away.

All this time the ship had been careening slowly, but now she stopped *and righted*, as if making ready for some attack. We were looking around for a new development, when the engineer came up on deck to say that he had scuttled the ship. For one time, a scuttled ship did not sink to the bottom. The engines had stopped running, and no sound was to be heard, save the furious onrush of the wind and an occasional roll of thunder, as the lightning flashed across

the dark clouds; we could see with difficulty. The water was all gone now, for no waves struck the sides of the ship. A wind, that on an ordinary sea would have wrecked a ship in less time than it would take to tell it, was now merely careening our ship as gently as a light summer's breeze.

Suddenly came a loud thunder-clap, then one louder, and then a third one, more terrific in its crash and rumbling with a supernatural roar that struck us speechless. With the first clap a pale light began to play over the clouds, and with the final crash it changed to a vivid green light, which seemed to pervade the whole air, increasing in brilliancy as the rumbling of the thunder died away. Every one was breathing in short gasps. What was it that we saw? The green light had made the sea visible for miles around, and changed the hue of every object on the ship. My companions looked like dead men; and, what was that on the sea? Was the surface of the sea all fish? It seemed so. As far as we could see, its surface was covered with fish. They floundered and flapped about, gasping for their lives. The Frenchman walked up to the captain, smiling, as if to give him some advice or to tell him something. The green light made his form look ghost-like and turned his smile into a demon's grin. The captain could stand him no longer. Reaching for him, he grabbed him and pitched him overboard. To sink—No, he floated there on the phosphorescent surface, lying absolutely still. His eyes were closed, and the ghostly grin was still on his face. As he went overboard, he struck his head on the side of the ship, and was now to know no more. The ship was drifting away from the awesome body of the Frenchman, when it started to rain and the wind began to moderate. The wind storm was passing, the light was dying out, and the death-like hue of objects increased as the light turned to a paler green. The fish were waking up once more, and now began floundering as the rain fell upon them. It soon was pouring in torrents,

but we had no thought of seeking shelter. The light was almost gone. We could see the gasping fish and the body of the Frenchman among them only indistinctly. There—the last play of light had gone; it was now all darkness, and still no word was spoken. It grew cold. I tried to move, and found that my joints were stiff. I looked at my companions—they, too, were still. A strange awe came over me; there was no sound save the falling of the rain. I fell asleep, but was soon awakened by a sense of intense cold. I was in the water. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, the ship was sinking. The rain was still falling; could it be displacing the mercury? If it did, our ship must sink. The water rose steadily to my waist, and further. The ship, heavy laden with mercury, was sinking, and I was sinking with it. It was not an unpleasant sensation, but seemed to be more of a relief. The water was almost up to my chin. I felt dazed; my head fell over. I felt the ship settle under me, swallowed several gulps of water, and knew no more. The Ewett, her passengers, the mercury, sea, the storm—they had all gone. J. P. T., '04.

A Debate

Query: *Resolved*, That the Brice Bill, as passed by the last General Assembly, will prove beneficial to South Carolina.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Local self-government is the corner-stone of the republic. It was the principle for which our forefathers fought in 1775. The War Between the States was caused by our Northern friends trying to legislate ahead of public opinion in the South, instead of waiting until public opinion of the section was ready to legislate on these matters for itself.

Local option is only another name for local self-government, and it may be laid down as a principle that as many

questions as possible should be submitted to a community, for settlement, just so soon as that community indicates its ability to deal with them intelligently. Are the communities of the State, the Counties, able to deal intelligently with the liquor question? I contend that they are. In fact, they have already dealt intelligently with many questions submitted to them. For example, each School District in the State has the privilege of levying an extra tax to support its public schools. Many of them have availed themselves of this privilege; and each township has the power to levy an extra tax to improve its public roads. Will any one maintain that the communities of this State are not acting wisely upon these questions? Why not, then, allow them to decide for themselves upon the Dispensary question?

Besides, the general principles that local option works for the betterment of a community, there are particular reasons why, at present, we should have local option on the liquor question, more so than on any other. The original Dispensary law provides for the establishment of Dispensaries where the people may desire them, but it does not provide for the removal of these Dispensaries when the people desire that. Since every County is a stockholder in this concern, would it not be to the advantage of all if a County be allowed to sever its connection when desired? In many places in the State, a few people of a township, not knowing the evils of the system, have caused Dispensaries to be established; but after they have been established, and the people have learned the evils and are anxious to get rid of them, not even the whole County can have them removed. Is it just to leave the establishment of a Dispensary to local option and then not allow local option to decide whether or not a Dispensary shall be removed?

Thanks to the "Brice Bill," as passed by the last General Assembly, these conditions no longer exist. For, by it, power is vested in the County to call an election, when it sees

fit, and to submit to the people the question of Dispensary or no Dispensary. This important question is thus to be settled at the ballot-box, where every man has a chance to express himself. The responsibility is now placed upon the people themselves. Will they shirk from this duty and allow the Dispensary to continue increasing the liquor traffic without correcting the evils of the system, or allow the Dispensary to continue doing business at all, when they see nothing but evil comes from it? Since South Carolinians have always been considered an honorable people—a liberty-loving people—who conscientiously perform their duties without faltering and who have always acted wisely and well under such conditions, I contend that nothing will prove more beneficial to the State than to allow the people of the Counties to settle this matter among themselves.

But, to discuss this question more in detail, let us come down to the real issue. It is generally conceded that the "Brice Bill" will either kill the Dispensary or cause some radical change in the present system. Let us see what good will thus be accomplished.

In the first place, the Dispensary has done, and, unless stopped, will continue to do, a vast deal more harm than good in South Carolina. Not one beneficial result that it was claimed it would bring about has yet been accomplished. Instead of decreasing the consumption of intoxicating liquors, as its friends claimed it would, it has so enormously increased the consumption that, in places where in 1892, attractions were needed to lure people into the bar-room, now a police is needed to make them fall in line and take their turn in purchasing the State's choicest brands. The Dispensary sales have increased from \$300,000 the first year to \$3,300,000 last year. Not only this, they are continuing to increase. Last year showed an increase of seventy per cent. over the year before. At this rate, the sales would

soon be doubled what they now are, and twenty-two times what they were twelve years ago.

It is claimed that the Dispensary system does away with the treating habit, by preventing drinking on the premises, but this is not so. People now buy their liquor from the Dispensaries, drink it on everybody else's premises, and make the public highway a bedlam. Liquor is carried about over the country in demijohns and quart bottles, and drunk promiscuously by the young as well as by the old. One man can buy five gallons in a day—enough to make fifty people drunk.

The Dispensary system has encouraged the drinking of bad liquor. Never before in the history of our State could a negro go to town and buy a half pint of liquor for fifteen cents. They used to have to pay that much for a drink; now two can get drunk for fifteen cents.

Ten years ago there were 105 murders in the State; in 1903 there were 250. In Cherokee County there have been twenty murders in the past five years; nineteen of these were caused by liquor directly. According to this, ninety-five per cent. of the murders of the State are caused by liquor, and the Dispensary is responsible for the increase.

Instead of helping the citizen of the State to hate liquor, and hate those who drink it, the tendency since the introduction of the Dispensary has been to make liquor drinking respectable. Honorable men have been placed on the County Boards, and even in the Dispensaries, to handle the vile stuff. This induces the people to buy. Where men were once ashamed to be seen entering a place where strong drink was kept, now a bottle in every pocket, emblazoned with the once proud Palmetto tree, is almost a badge of honor. The impression has been created that "Mount Vernon Rye," "Silver Spring Corn," "Three Feather," "Cream of Kentucky," "Old Joe," and "Duff's Malt," bottled and sealed outside of the State, will, if he buys it directly from

the manufacturer, corrupt the morals, impair the health, and even endanger the life of the consumer; but, if passed through the Dispensary, without being opened, it is purified and sanctified. The vilest stuff concocted in the caves of Western North Carolina, and run through boiled potash to give it the bead and proof, if put in the Dispensary and labeled "Fus X," is supposed to be transformed into a potent elixer, guaranteed to preserve the life of the drinker, improve his health, and even cleanse his moral nature from all dross. Such false impressions as these, caused by the influence of the Dispensary, have made liquor drinking more respectable in South Carolina than in any other State in the Union. These are some of the evils of the Dispensary. The whole system, you see, is nothing but an accumulation of evils. It has increased drunkenness and crime, debauched public sentiment, and corrupted the morals of our people. Would you hesitate in saying that anything which aids us in ridding the State of this corrupt institution will be beneficial? Would you say that by uprooting these evils, the "Brice Bill" will not do good—will not prove beneficial to South Carolina?

Besides these many evils of the system, which in themselves show without question that the State will be benefited by its removal, the large number of petitions sent from all over the State, to the Legislature at its last session, asking that such measure be adopted, shows that the people are interested, and that those who were once in sympathy with the Dispensary now realize that its removal will prove beneficial.

Hon. B. R. Tillman, "daddy" of the Dispensary law, himself says: "If the Dispensary cannot be raised above the cloud of suspicion which now hangs about it, we should best kill it, and that he himself would be present at the killing."

The people are disgusted with the Dispensary, and its originator, who has ever cared for and nurtured it as a pet

child, has declared his willingness to be present at the killing, and I contend that the "Brice Bill," by acting as an instrument in the killing, will prove beneficial to South Carolina.

In the face of these things, the friends of the Dispensary claim that it is the best solution of the drink question, and that it has come to stay. At first it was recommended to the people as a temperance measure; now it is defended as a source of revenue. But this enormous revenue which you hear so much about has not benefited South Carolina in the least. The sales have increased to more than \$3,000,000 a year, yet taxes have not been reduced one nickel. Not only this, taxes are liable to be increased, for at present our expenditures exceed our receipts. Owing to the enormous increase in the consumption of liquor, the greater expenses of the courts, jails and poor houses are eating up the Counties' share of this profit. "Take the State over," says Senator Brice, "and you will find that every dollar of the so-called Dispensary profit is eaten up by increased expenses at the courts, asylum and penal institutions."

It is claimed, further, that the free schools of the State are sustained by the Dispensary profits, but, on the contrary, the records show that eighty per cent. of the money used for free school purposes in the State comes by direct taxation from the people or from sources other than the Dispensary.

If the Dispensary were abolished, and the three million dollars which now go for liquor invested in taxable property in the State and made to pay six per cent. on the investment, in ten years it would amount to fifty million dollars. The returns for taxes on this fifty millions would amount to seven hundred thousand dollars a year; seventy thousand more than the Dispensary profits for one year have ever amounted to. The decreased cost of the courts and penal institutions would amount to many thousand more. When the Brice bill shall have caused the Dispensary to be abolished, this enormous amount of money will no longer be

drawn from the needs of our citizens and sent outside of the State to buy intoxicating liquor, but will be invested in the State and made a source of revenue.

Some of the Dispensary advocates claim, further, that when the Dispensary is removed, we shall have an increased illegal sale of liquor, and the evils of drink will not be removed. This cannot be. The Constitution of the State forbids the sale of liquor except in accordance with the Dispensary law; so when the Dispensary is voted out of a County, it will be unlawful for liquor, in any shape or form, to be sold in that County. The area in which liquor is sold will be greatly reduced, and since the "blind tiger" can no longer operate under the protection of the Dispensary, by selling Dispensary liquor, or putting their liquor up in Dispensary bottles, detection of violation will be rendered much easier, and the "tigers" will be forced out of business. Since the Brice bill provides for local option on this question, if there are places where the Dispensary is giving satisfaction, or where the people are satisfied with it, such places will not be affected, and no harm can possibly result. But it is where the people are dissatisfied with the system, and realize that it is a source of disorder, lawlessness and general demoralization, that they are going to profit by the Brice bill and vote out the Dispensaries. And in such cases, where they take the responsibility on themselves and abolish the Dispensary, they are not going to tolerate liquor in any other form. Furthermore, this bill provides for the levying of a half mill tax on a County that votes out the Dispensary, for the purpose of enforcing the law in that County. Can you not readily see that when a people are so strongly opposed to the Dispensary as to vote it out, with the understanding that they are at the same time voting a tax on themselves for the purpose of enforcing the law against illicit sales, that public sentiment is going to be so strongly opposed to liquor selling, that the officers of the law will

make it so hot for "Blind tigers" that they will cease to do business there?

To show that this will be the case, and to show that the Brice bill will prove beneficial, let us take Cherokee County as an example. The people of that County voted out the Dispensary last November, and since that time the County is getting along very well without the Dispensary, and the change for the better is very noticeable. Hon. J. C. Otts, a prominent lawyer of Gaffney, who represents that County in the Legislature, recently said: "Cherokee is markedly improved. We have no 'tigers,' simply because our mayors, magistrates and juries convict." This shows that where public sentiment is against the Dispensary and against "Blind tigers," that they can both be eliminated together. It further shows the fact that not only is the Brice bill going to prove beneficial to South Carolina, but that it is already proving beneficial.

And since it is already proving enormously beneficial to Cherokee County, and since there is in this State at present a healthy moral tone and temperance sentiment that bids fair to inscribe her name high on the list of States which have taken a moral stand on this issue, and since the majority of the sober-minded, intelligent men of the whole State have made up their minds that this combination shall be broken, this element driven from the State, I contend that there is no reason why other Counties shall not follow Cherokee's example, until the Dispensary has been forced from the State and prohibition instituted in its stead. When this shall have been accomplished, the vast political machine which has ruled our State for the past twelve years will be done away with; the immense amount of money will no longer be taken from this State and invested in other States for intoxicants; the unseemly conduct, now caused by our own palmetto brand of X's will cease to occur on our streets and highways; our bloody criminal record will not be

repeated; our young men will cease to debauch their lives and corrupt their morals by the use of intoxicating liquors; the sensibilities of our people will cease to be dulled and their eyes will be opened to the evils that exist in every form of intoxicating drink, and with sobriety, truth, and morality reigning supreme in the hearts of our people, South Carolina will enter upon an unprecedented period of prosperity, and take her place in the forefront of the proud galaxy of States.

H. W. BARRE, '05.

NEGATIVE.

How to control whiskey and how to prevent the great evils which every thoughtful man sees must result from it, is one of the most difficult problems in government.

It is a problem which is always present in some form. It is an issue that will never down, because it can never be settled according to the conflicting opinions of the people interested.

This cannot be successfully denied; and being so, is it not the part of wisdom so to hedge about the sale of whiskey as to reduce the evils to a minimum?

In 1892, when B. R. Tillman was elected Governor of South Carolina, this question came before the people of this State. They tried to get prohibition, but failed; and the honorable Governor substituted the Dispensary in its stead. Since that time there has been in South Carolina a political faction which has worked every conceivable plan to defeat, not only the Dispensary, but every other movement made by Senator Tillman. It seems that it is the man and not the measure that it seeks to discredit.

Whiskey drinking is going on in one form or another in a thousand communities to-day. Prohibition has been tried in three States, and it has failed signally to stop the sale of liquor or prevent drunkenness. The bar-rooms are run

openly in the city of Portland, Me., and you will find the same thing in Kansas City. 'The number of revenue licenses to sell liquor, issued by the United States government in Maine, is more than double the number of licenses issued in South Carolina, both for the Dispensary and the "blind tigers."'

Maine has half our population, while in Kansas, with a little more population than we have, the licenses are four times as many. Cold facts show that prohibition does not prohibit; because not supported by public opinion. Cold facts also show that crime and drunkenness have materially decreased under the Dispensary law. Why then try to kill that law by a roundabout measure. Its enemies know it is a good law and are afraid to attack it openly, but stab it in the back with the "Brice Bill."

Can this bill be enforced? It has been decided long ago that the State could not or would not enforce prohibition. This being true, it is absurd to say that one or two Counties could have prohibition, when their sister Counties have Dispensaries just across the border lines.

The Counties which advocated this bill did not wish to rid themselves of liquor, but wanted to defeat the Dispensary. This is clearly proved by the fact that these Counties are located near the North Carolina line, where the "tigers" can easily be supplied with liquor from the mountains.

We must judge the future by the past; and it has been fully demonstrated that the Dispensary system is the best vehicle for the control of liquor ever devised by human brains, for you have to deal with men and matters as they are, rather than as you would like them to be. As Mr. Cleveland says, "It is a *condition* and not a *theory* that confronts us."

The man who holds up his head, and looks at a beautiful star and moves forward with his eyes fixed on the ideal, does not see the pitfalls about his feet. If I felt that it was pos-

sible to enforce it, I would vote for prohibition; but I know the idea cannot be carried out. It has been tried under the most favorable circumstances, and has signally failed. So the question is, how will you handle this demon, whiskey? The Dispensary controls the sale of whiskey in such a way that it teaches the people how to use it, instead of abusing it.

The "Brice Bill" changes the quantity sold from a half-pint bottle to a gallon jug, and increases the evil in like proportion. Did not the author know that in the absence of the Dispensary there would be no Dispensary law to enforce? Did he not know that the removal of the Dispensary would be followed by a revival and almost indefinite extension of the "jug trade," that has recently increased several hundred per cent. in Cherokee County; and that through the manipulations, activity, and enterprise of old saloon men and bar-keepers in making orders, and in soliciting them, that in the near future, whenever a Dispensary was closed every home in such locality would be invaded by jugs and transmuted into bar-rooms under specious pretexts and become a nursery of drunkards? Did he not know that this "jug trade" could be successfully prosecuted under the operation of the interstate law, and all the saving restrictions of the Dispensary law made of no effect?

No gilding will hide the hollowness and inefficiency of the "Brice Bill." It is a gilded sophistry and a varnished cheat. Any one who will take pains to look beneath the surface can see the hollowness within, and realize that it is nothing more than a painted subterfuge.

It lures some good men away from the truth to waste their energies in the vain pursuit of fading follies, that are as unsubstantial as the fabric of a dream.

To vote out the Dispensary means to vote an influx of "jugs" into nearly every home in such a community. This sooner or later will be the effect of the "Brice Bill." Where the half-pint bottle found its way to some homes under the

Dispensary regulations, this quantity will be substituted by a gallon jug under the operation of the "Brice Bill."

There is no question in the science of government, none in the province of political economy, and none in the domain of political ethics, of one-tenth the weight or importance to-day, as this question of the liquor traffic. The greatest calamity that can ever befall any County in this State is the reign of the "jug trade." Where now the restrictions of the Dispensary law can be enforced, and where they could be enforced, under the establishment of the Dispensary, these restrictions *did* mitigate, though they did not entirely destroy the evils of intemperance. They *did* diminish the consumption of strong drink. As such an agency it needs an effort to protect it. But the reign of the "jug trade" has no modifying or redeeming features.

A business that debauches the home, a business that plants the seed of dissipation and shame in every community where it exists. No home on earth can postpone the reaping of such a harvest that will follow such a sowing. It can produce only a harvest of drunkards.

My opponent has held up to you all the defects of the Dispensary law that he could think of, and has tried to prove the bribery and rascality of its officers.

Now, Mr. President, and honorable Judges, I do not claim that the Dispensary law is perfect in every respect. If you have a good horse with one lame foot what are you going to do with him? Kill him and drive a cow? No, you will doctor that lame foot. So it is with the Dispensary law, if it is not perfect we must make it so, and not try to vote out the best law that has ever controlled the liquor traffic in South Carolina.

If we have immoral officers, who are responsible? Not the Dispensary law, but the people who put them there; so the step for us to take is to raise the Dispensary above suspicion by putting the very best men of our State in as officers.

My opponent agrees that the object of this bill is to defeat the Dispensary. It is a well known fact that the barkeeper votes the prohibition ticket. In 1900, when this issue was voted on, it was a plain fact that the barkeepers joined the ministers in the fight against the Dispensary, and the same was the case in the election held in Cherokee County. There we had the angels of light and the imps of darkness fighting side by side, the one to have prohibition, and the other to have the bar-room. The one honest in his endeavor to benefit his fellow-man, the other honest in his efforts to fill his pockets at the expense of his brother-man, body and soul.

Now, take one of the two—the bar-room or the Dispensary; for, as sure as the stars shine above, if we, the people of South Carolina, vote out the Dispensary, the bar-room will return; and your fathers will tell you that more liquor was drunk during the bar-room period than now.

There is a clause in the “Brice Bill” saying that any County voting out the Dispensary shall receive no Dispensary funds for public schools. Each County receives a net profit of about \$1,400 from the Dispensary, annually; of a mere pittance which the public school gets one-half.

If this bill is to be thrust upon the people of South Carolina, there will be a procession of jugs and demijohns at every railroad station, necessitating the hire and maintenance of a long list of State officers to irritate and vex the very souls of the taxpayer.

We have proved that the “Brice Bill” is only a scheme to defeat the Dispensary, or rather to down Mr. Tillman; and is a measure that does not seek to mitigate drunkenness, but seeks the overthrow of the author of the system by killing the system.

That prohibition is a failure in the three States that have tried it under most favorable conditions; that only the Counties near the North Carolina line want it; and that, if the Dispensary is voted out, the bar-room system will return.

The people of any community that votes out the Dispensary and votes in the "jug trade," which will as surely follow the "Brice Bill" as the night the day, will at no distant time be called upon to give vent to their anguish in the words of the poet :

"The thorns that pierce me, are from the tree I planted ;
They have torn me and I bleed ;
I might have known what fruit,
Would spring from such a seed."

H. P. STUCKEY, '06.

In Memoriam

D. K. NORRIS, "LIFE TRUSTEE," 1846-1905.

Messrs. Editors: In compliance with your request, received this morning, I hand you a short sketch of the life of Colonel D. K. Norris, one of the "Life" or "Will-appointed" Trustees of Clemson College—the first of the seven to cross the narrow sea that divides this land of ours from the heavenly.

D. Keating Norris was a native of Orangeburg County, South Carolina, having been born in lower Saint Matthews, November 1st, 1846. When a boy, sixteen years old, he joined Company F, Second Regiment, South Carolina Heavy Artillery. He was badly wounded at Bentonville, North Carolina.

Colonel Norris moved to Anderson County in January, 1877. In that year he married Miss Bessie Caldwell, of Abbeville County. He was recognized as one of the leading farmers of the State, and took an active part in the work of the Alliance, both State and National. For six consecutive terms he was President of his County Alliance, and was twice chosen President of the State Farmers' Association. He served as President of the Pendleton Farmers' Society, the oldest in the State and second oldest in the United States.

Many times he attended farmers' conventions and similar meetings in different sections of the country.

Colonel Norris was twice elected State Senator from Anderson County, and in his last term was President *pro tem.* of the upper House of our General Assembly. In 1892, he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago.

About ten years ago, Colonel Norris turned his attention to the cotton mill business, in which his success was as marked as it had been in farming. At the time of his death he was President of the mills at Cateechee and Central.

Colonel Norris was an active, useful, and liberal member of the Baptist Church, and will be greatly missed, not only in the church at Pendleton, but throughout the State.

Hon. Thos. G. Clemson, knowing and appreciating Colonel Norris' interest in agriculture, and his ability as a business man, appointed him one of the life-term Trustees of Clemson College. Of this Board he was an active and influential member until the day of his death. While deeply concerned in all parts of the work of the college, he seemed to feel a peculiar interest in the Textile Department—which owes its existence mainly to his purposes and untiring energy.

Monday night, about 9 o'clock, January 23, 1905, in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore—where he had gone ten days before for treatment—the subject of this sketch “fell on sleep.” His remains were brought home for burial, Thursday afternoon, January 26, about 3 o'clock; the burial services were held in the Baptist Church at Pendleton, consisting of the singing of suitable hymns, prayers, and the reading of appropriate Scripture passages by three ministers, Messrs. Wardlaw, Perry, and Hawkins. Messrs. R. W. Simpson and M. L. Donaldson, two of the “Life Trustees,” with President Mell and the entire faculty of the college, were honorary pall-bearers. The Senior Class at-

tended as an escort of honor. A firing party—the senior Sergeants of the Junior Class, in their uniform of Confederate gray—discharged the three volleys over the grave of the soldier of the Confederacy. Cadet Slattery sounded “taps,” and the immense crowd in sorrow turned away from the grave.

All Clemson mourns a true friend of Clemson, and sympathizes with the weeping widow and her distressed daughters. Memorial Hall is now more memorial. From its walls our departed friend’s face looks down every morning in kindly interest on six hundred boys at chapel service.

No closing term more fitting suggests itself than the touching words so tenderly sung by the choir as our friend’s remains were being carried from chancel to church-yard, “Good night!” “Good night!”

WM. S. MORRISON.

January 28, 1905.

Why Edwards is Still a Bachelor

It will not be necessary to describe George Edwards, as it will soon become evident to the reader that he was no uncommon character. Suffice it to say that he was as much in love with Alice Fuller as he could well be. He had long wanted to ask her opinion as to his fitness for married life, but it seemed to him that just at the most opportune moments his courage failed him. But the fact was that, having everything his own way, he felt confident that when it pleased him to ask Alice to share his two thousand a year, and to bask in the sunlight of his knowledge and wit, that she would tumble at once to his generous offer. Then they would get all mixed up on the sofa, and by the time the shoes, tongs, etc., began raising a row up stairs, he would have her promise to marry him any day he should designate—even on Friday.

He pictured this to himself through the smoke of his Havana. Then he primped and called upon Miss Alice Fuller.

Alice was always very cordial in greeting him. She really liked him very much, and had it not been for his assurance she might have loved him, but she could never love a man who prided himself on his persuasiveness with women. Any act of kindness on her part was magnified by his conceit, until it seemed to be the direct result of a much stronger passion. Alice knew his thoughts on this subject, but she didn't object so long as he lavished his attentions upon her, and invented so many ingenious plans for passing the time.

This condition of affairs lasted for nearly a year, and probably it would have lasted much longer, had not Fate decreed that just at this time a young man named Carlisle—Fred Carlisle—should be sent to S—— by the Government to give his opinion on the advisability of making a national park on some near by lands. He was a college man and, as might be supposed, he had a sense of the eternal fitness of things.

Carlisle met Alice at a ball, and was at once struck with the beauty and sweetness of her expression. Her voice seemed to cast a spell over him, and there was something about her presence that reminded him of the master-pieces of art.

Alice, for her part, at once set him apart as entirely different from the men to whom she was accustomed. She learned that he was from South Carolina, and was a graduate of C—. She said to herself that his college education had helped to give him that compelling air.

They came to know each other better during the progress of the dance, and found that their fathers had fought side by side for the rights of the South.

After the last measures of "Home, Sweet Home," Alice stood in the vestibule waiting for her escort, who, by the way, was Edwards. Carlisle passed her with a bow, and was about to leave, when Alice called him, "Mr. Carlisle!" He came back to her smiling. "I merely wished to say,"

she went on, "that our house is open to you so long as you remain in S——, and we shall be glad to see you often."

"Thank you," replied Carlisle. "I am sure I couldn't refuse so tempting an invitation, even if I wished to."

"I shall expect you soon," she murmured, as she took Edwards' arm and strolled homeward, leaving Carlisle transfixed by her beauty and grace. Then and there he registered a vow that some day she would be leaning on his arm—a bride.

Of course, Carlisle saw her a great many times during his three months stay, and the mutual regard which they felt at their first meeting became a divine self-sacrificing passion, until the climax came. Two weeks before the time for his departure from S——, Carlisle found himself engaged to the loveliest, purest, most sensible, etc., etc. That was the way he described her in his letter to his mother.

Edwards increased his attentions, and Carlisle, knowing that his conceit rendered him harmless, and feeling an attack of that generosity always attendant upon success, told Alice to let Edwards continue, as they could not increase their happiness by crushing his. They must tell him some day, but until that day, let him enjoy his illusion. This, Edwards conscientiously did.

One Sunday afternoon, as Carlisle and Alice sat in the hammock making impossible plans, he remarked to her that he must return to Washington the following Tuesday. Continuing, he said, "I would like to stay here another month and have our wedding as we at first planned, but this letter is imperative; and since we have your parents' permission to marry, I can see no reason why we can't have a quiet wedding to-morrow—" she gasped—"and then to Washington together."

"But Fred, darling," she almost sobbed, "my trousseau hasn't come yet, and you would be ashamed of me if I wore that old white silk, with the ruffles—"

"Bother the clothes!" he said, almost roughly. "Don't you know I love you better than all the clothes, even the ones my mother used to make! Why, I'd marry you just as you are now, if you weren't wearing that martyr's countenance!"

This provoked a smile, and putting her delicately plump hand in his, she leaned close to him and whispered, "Darling, I'll marry you at any time you say, and be the happiest woman alive besides." He smiled.

"I thought you would rather marry me to-morrow afternoon than to risk losing me. I would suggest that you wear a traveling suit, and we will have the ceremony performed in time to catch No. 28 at 4.15."

There was no opening for an argument, so she agreed.

"You tell your mother," he directed, "and I'll see the minister at once."

The next day was an ideal June day. The birds sang, and the air was filled with the sounds of the joyful earth. As the time approached, both Carlisle and Alice grew nervous, but the moment they thought of the rice and old shoes they would avoid by this unexpected marriage, they took hope and were ready before the minister was—an unusual thing. He slipped the ring on her finger, at the same time searching her soul with his eyes. He found there nothing but love, joy, and faith.

They were driven rapidly to the station, and what was their surprise on getting on to find themselves assailed with missiles of all sorts thrown by their unfeeling friends. Some one had proved traitor. They kissed their parents and boarded the train. Through the open window came congratulations and numerous handfuls of rice. As the train pulled out a man jumped from a trolley car, ran to the window, dumped a hatful of rice on the bride and groom, then turned his back to the train. Edwards, for it was he, shoved his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and walked leisurely

away, whistling a meditative air. His thoughts ran somewhat like this, "Well, if she didn't know any better than to marry him in preference to me, I'm glad I didn't get her. I never did think she was pretty, any how. Besides, women are so inconstant."

A. M.

An Illusion

The sun was slowly sinking in the west. The battle of Santiago was over. The Red Cross nurses wandered over the field giving aid to whomsoever they found in need. Thinking that their day's work was over, they started towards the camp, but just then a shrill voice was heard to scream, "Water, for God's sake, water." A nurse hastened to the spot from where the sound was heard, there she found an American lad of about twenty years. He was slowly sinking from the loss of blood, caused by a wound in the shoulder. She ministered stimulants to him, but to no effect, for in a few moments he was delirious.

A happy smile played across his pale face. He was at his old home again; it was night, and the silvery moon was shedding its soft rays about the little town of S——. "Will she speak to me now? She would not when I left her. But now, after two years of hard fighting, and the wearing of the 'blue,' it may be that she will." Down the same old street he trod, and on nearing the home of the girl he still loved, he paused. He heard a soft, sweet voice—can it be her? He drew nearer and nearer until he could recognize the soft strains of that ever beautiful little song, that she had so often sung to him in the past, "Then You Will Remember Me." Can it be possible that it is sung for me, as of old? Does she know that I have returned? Again she starts; and again the song starts anew, "When Other Hearts and Other Lips Their Tales of Love Shall Tell." "I shall," he said, and made his way to the front door.

He knocked softly. Oh, the suspense of that wait! Suppose she shuts the door in my face—suppose she does not recognize me in my shabby uniform. These thoughts and many similar ones crowded his mind. A soft step down the hall, and the rustling of skirts warned him of some one's approach. The door opened. It was she, and she did recognize him. But the shock being too great for her, she fainted away in his outstretched arms, as he planted a kiss on her quivering lips. She was soon herself again, and they were on their way to the residence of Dr. B——, who soon made them man and wife.

"Taps" was sounding in the camp, and as it floated through that quiet Cuban night, he was heard to say in a very low but contented voice, "Meet me beyond the river, Agnes," and with a groan he was gone, no more to be disturbed by the bugle's "call to arms." His battle had been fought and won, and his work on earth was ended.

Now they are together in their "father's eternal home," no more to be parted by the call for volunteers. For only two weeks before our Almighty Father had also called Agnes to her reward.

L. R. H., '06.

A Vision

Once, while encamped within the mighty gorge
Below the splendid fall which takes its name
From the complexion of its glorious leap;
Which clear above as crystal, at the foot
Is whiter than the freshly driven snow,
I had a vision. While I lay at ease;
With one companion in our idle camp,
And resting there upon the sward above
The boisterous Whitewater's swift flowing tide
Still flecked with foam from its tremendous leap,
And rushing onward towards the distant sea;

I gazed far up the mighty mountain side
Which rises to the east, and suddenly,
Without a sound except that all at once
The roaring of the fall threefold increased,
A change came o'er the face of nature. And
Great trees rushed up where stumps had stood before.
The tiny cabin of the mountaineer
Was swept away, and in its place there rose
Great oaks and pines and other forest trees.
As when the engineer within his cab
Grasps his reversing lever, and with speed
Which constantly increases he drives back
The ponderous engine. So it seemed to me
As if some terrible and mighty hand
Had grasped the lever of the universe,
And thrust it backward so that we alone
Had rushed far back into the fearful past.
I turned in fear to see my comrade crouched
Behind a boulder, and within his eyes
I saw the fear reflected from my own.
Our camp had disappeared, and we were dressed
In the rude garments of the pioneer.
Beside us lay two rifles with the horns
For powder, and two pouches filled with shot.
I grasped a rifle, and then turned my gaze
Across the river, for I heard a sound.
Then suddenly from out the woods there stepped
A splendid deer, and with his head erect
Was moving towards the stream; when, with a sound
As of a hissing snake, and with the speed
Of the swift flashing of a ray of light,
There came an arrow from the silent wood
Which struck, and felled him. Whereupon, there rose
A loud triumphant yell, and bursting out
Of the dark forest came a savage band

Of Cherokees, that wild and warlike race,
Which held for many years that lovely land
With which no other land can e'er compare,
The splendid Blue Ridge region of the South.
They gathered round the fallen deer, and then
Prepared to make their midday meal; when out
The silent wood came many singing shafts,
And the wild war-whoop of that other race,
Which long had struggled with the Cherokees.
Some of the little band of braves fell dead,
The others answering yell for yell fought on
Until there was but one who, wounded sore
And closely pressed, was captured almost dead,
But live enough to curse his foes, and tell
Them he was not afraid of any pain
That they could put upon him, even death.
They gathered round him; then, by a command
Of the Catawba Chief, they scattered out
Into the forest there to gather wood;
With which that night the chief had said he must
Be offered up alive to satisfy
The savage hate of his blood-thirsty foes.
Now, after all the braves except the one
A captive and the great Catawba chief
Had disappeared into the forest dark,
My friend, whose blood was boiling at the sight,
Drew steady aim upon the chief, and fired.
Then, with the noise and the great yell of pain
And rage which rose from the sore wounded chief
Still ringing in my listening ears, I woke—
I was still resting there upon the sward
Above the boisterous Whitewater, and my friend
Was standing with a rifle in his hand,
And gaze fixed ruefully upon a hawk
Winging his way adown the mighty gorge.

“Well, “I’ll be durned,” quoth he; “I’m sure I hit
That scoundrel, for I saw the feathers fly;”
Then turning, took a dish from off the fire,
And called me, saying dinner was prepared.

W. H. T.

Our Modern Public School

Ram it in, cram it in,
Students’ heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there’s more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomy, mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Students’ heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in,
What are students made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Students’ heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed and caressed it in,
Rapped it and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

—*Selected.*

Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

The Association is composed of the following college membership: Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, Newberry College, S. C. Military Academy, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by the unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

Section 1.—The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.

Sec. 2.—All officers of the Association and the Executive Committee shall be elected by the Convention after being nominated by a Committee consisting of one member from

each college, appointed by the President, and the nominee receiving the most votes shall be declared elected.

Sec. 3.—The President of the Association on his retirement from office and ex-prize men shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

Sec. 4.—The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

Sec. 5.—If any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the college represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

Sec. 2.—The Vice-President shall be active Chairman of the Executive Committee, and shall cast the deciding vote in case of tie. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

Sec. 3.—It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the annual Convention, and copies of all orations delivered in the annual contest, with the name and grade of the orator. He shall also notify each college of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.

Sec. 4.—It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President. He shall also send a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of Committee on Decision, Section A, and shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

Sec. 5.—The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

Sec. 6.—The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from Committee, Section A; shall not open them except in the presence of Committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two Committees.

ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Section 1.—The Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each college, shall be elected by the Convention, as provided in Art. IV., Sec. 2, and shall assemble in meeting at call of the Vice-President.

Sec. 2.—It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The Committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

Sec. 3.—The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 4.—The Executive Committee shall appoint each year at its meeting a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the Palmetto tree.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

Section 1.—Six persons shall constitute the Committee

on Decision. The members of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of Committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina.

Sec. 2.—The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance. This committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following points: *Originality, Thought and Rhetoric*, giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared to the first.

Sec. 3.—Section B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on *delivery*. All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred, as in Section A.

Sec. 4.—Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objections shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in the hands of the President at least twenty-five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.

Sec. 5.—The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest, shall forward a type-written copy of each oration to each member of the Committee, Section A, who shall grade them and

send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of the Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors or the orations nor the institution represented shall be known by any member of Committee, Section A. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to furnish each member of Committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.

Sec. 6.—At the close of the contest the Secretary of Sealed Marks and the Committee, Section B, shall retire and make a final average. At no other place and time, and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

Sec. 7.—The orator whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest, shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee, Section B, shall retire, and without consultation shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The Chairman of Committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association no oration shall contain more than two thousand words, and it shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation, attached to the oration, shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assist-

ance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX.—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an under-graduate at the time of his selection and at time of contest. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least thirty days previous to the contest.

ARTICLE X.—FEES.

Section 1.—Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of fifteen dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

Sec. 2.—Each contestant shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association there shall be awarded two prizes: As first honor, a gold medal of the value of twenty dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

Section 1.—The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

Sec. 2.—The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest and all officers of the Association present shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII.—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.—CONTESTANTS.

Section 1.—The order of speakers shall be drawn for at the meeting of the Executive Committee, at least thirty days before the contest. Each contestant's place, name, and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

Sec. 2.—A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals or pins, and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

Sec. 3.—The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association,

and his necessary traveling expenses shall be paid by the Association.

ARTICLE XV.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each year the different colleges shall publish in the January issue of their magazines, the Constitution of the Association, together with a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XVI.—AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this Constitution, shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVII.—AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.



L. E. BOYKIN
President of Columbian Literary Society
First Quarter

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto
Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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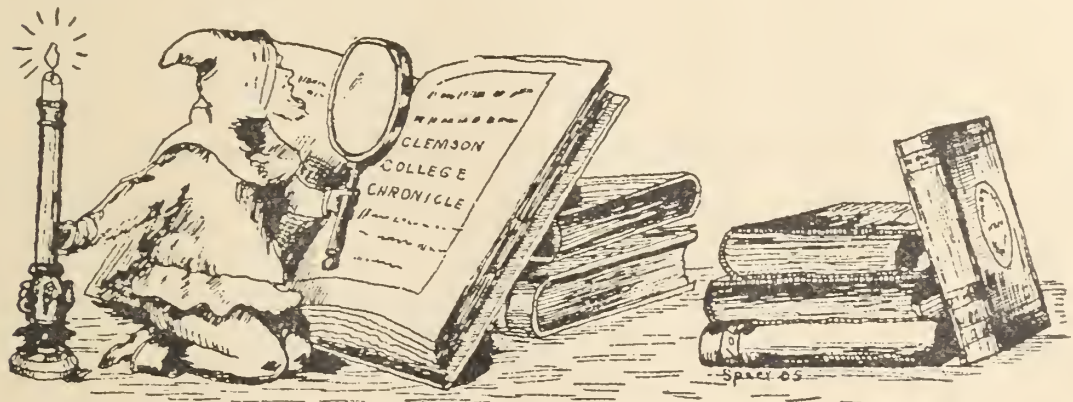
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Our Advertising Rates are as follows:

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One half page, per year..... 12 00

One fourth page, per year..\$ 8 00
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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

- - -

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Base Ball Outlook.

With the approach of the baseball season much enthusiasm is being manifested by the corps in our prospects for a winning record. The outlook is, indeed, encouraging, although, of our last year's team, only one man—Goggans—will be able to play this year. Coles, Sitton, and Caldwell are back with us, but they, having played professional ball with the Spartanburg

League, are debarred by the S. I. A. A. from playing on our team. However, they will play on the scrub teams, and will thus be of great help in developing men to fill their places on the 'Varsity team. So we are confronted with the same problem in baseball that confronted us in football—to develop a team out of almost absolutely raw material.

However, we have McMakin for coach, and this, within itself, should inspire us with hopes. He will reach here and begin his duties as coach by the first of March. His coming is looked forward to with much eagerness by all, and it is hoped that by time that he arrives, those engaged in practice on the field will be sufficiently numerous to enable him to at once begin the real work of building up the team.

The schedule for this season is not yet completed. Some very interesting games, however, are being scheduled, and it is the effort of the Manager to secure as many games as possible on the campus. This is very desirable, as it affords the entire corps an opportunity of seeing the real work of the team, and thus enables them to appreciate its efforts all the more fully.

Some games that are being scheduled are Mercer, Ga., Tech., Furman, University of Georgia, Wofford and others.

**The State
Oratorical
Association.**

The time is drawing near for the next annual contest of *The State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association*, and, as it approaches, increased interest in it is becoming more manifest. This Association should appeal very strongly to every college student in South Carolina and should serve, as it were, as a beckoning hand inviting him to higher attainments in things oratorical. There is possibly no honor of which a student is or should be more deeply sensible than that of representing his college in this contest, but, at the same time, he should not be, in any measure, insensible of the responsibility which such an honor places upon him. The reputation of himself and col-

lege is at stake, and it devolves upon him to sustain that reputation. To do this, however, it is not absolutely essential that he should win, but that he should succeed, for he who wins must excel, and only one can excel, while all may succeed. So those who represent the various colleges in this contest should enter the race with a determination to succeed, should they not be so fortunate as to excel.

It is not yet known who will represent Clemson, as it is to be decided by a contest which will be held sometime early in March. We hope, however, that whoever it may be will have so prepared himself that he may receive the reward of excellence, and cause victory to again perch upon Clemson's banner.

**The Class
Football Games.**

The short period of athletic inactivity that always comes in the winter, between the football and baseball seasons, is now being enlivened by the class football games. Each class has endeavored to put forth the very best team possible, and, so far, the games that have been played were exceedingly interesting. It was encouraging to note how well some of the men who made these teams played. Some of them not only would have proven valuable additions to the last season's scrub team, but would most certainly have stood a fine showing for making the 'Varsity. It seems that if these men play so well this year on the class teams, they ought to come out next year and easily win a place on the regular team. Many of our best players in past years—in fact, the record shows that more than half of them—made their start on class teams. If this has been so in the past, why cannot those on this year's class teams make it so again next year? And to every one of them we would say, "Go out and try." Even should they not make the 'Varsity, it is well to remember that, "The better the scrub, the better the 'Varsity." For without a good scrub team to play against the 'Varsity can do nothing.

No one can thoroughly appreciate a game of football until he understands the game, and he cannot understand the game until he plays it. So, those who play on the class teams this year will acquire a better knowledge of the game than those who do not, and next year, when they start out, at the beginning of the season, they will know better what is before them, and will, therefore, possess an advantage over the others.

The sole object of the class games is to get new men out and interested for the next year. When they succeed in this, they have contributed largely to getting out material from which to develop the team of the succeeding year. So, every one, who has any class spirit, should do his best to make his class put forth a winning team, and, what is still more important, he should the next year go out and put forth his best efforts to make his college win.

Russia's
Plight.

The crisis has been reached! Russia is in a state of revolution and her plight is, indeed, lamentable. With her armies suffering defeat upon defeat on a foreign battlefield, and with the hovering clouds of revolution ready to burst forth with engulfing torrents of destruction and ruin, surely no country ever suffered a more fearful condition. Yet Russia can only blame herself for it. Its approach has been evident, but those in authority seemed blind or indifferent to what it really meant. But at last the light has dawned upon them—they have awakened to the situation and realize that something must be done or a dissolution of the prodigious empire will ensue.

The people only demanded that they be granted certain privileges. It is not a revolution for the overthrow of the government, but a demonstration on the part of the people to force such recognition of those who labor by the authorities, that they may be granted the exercise of such privileges, only, as have been enjoyed by workmen of other countries

for years. This is a very simple and reasonable demand, and one which any reasonable government would be glad to grant. How easily and readily this outbreak would have been averted by most any other nation. But Russia crouching under the reign of officialdom, and with a weakling emperor, whose actions are dictated and all but performed by a chain of tyrannical advisers, seemed blind to its approach or indifferent of what might be its results. But the people will no longer tolerate such indifference towards their rights and are determined to force certain reforms, and we wish them God speed in their efforts.



C. W. MACK
R. F. GOODING }

EDITORS

We must say that we are grievously disappointed in the *Converse Concept*. The literary department is all out of proportion. Out of twelve pieces in it eleven are essays, and only one story, "Dolly's Letter," which in our opinion, does not deserve a place in a magazine of this size, for, after reading it, you see nothing really interesting. "A Mistaken Love" is written very well, but there is no originality displayed in the plot. "Ysaye, the Violinist," and the "Review of the Masquerader," give only the life of a man and the plot of a book, respectively. Out of the rest, the debate and the "Yellow Peril" seem to be the only ones in which any originality is displayed, and hence, the only ones worthy of favorable comment. The exchange department is entirely too short. With an exchange list as large as *The Concept* has, can its exchange editor not criticise more than four exchanges? The poems, "Knowing" and "A 'Thought," are much above the level of the rest of the magazine. On the whole, however, as we said before, the magazine is far below the ordinary.

"Law or No Law, Life or Death," in *The Furman Echo*, is well written, and contains many strong, forcible ideas on law and order. The writer handles his subject well and brings out some very good thoughts. "The Wild Man of



R. F. GOODING
President of Calhoun Literary Society
First Quarter

the Piedmont" gives us a clear description of a semi-savage man living in the Piedmont section. "True, Though Tried," and "A Senior's Dream," are both written well, but their plots are both very old. The poems are not as good as the rest of the pieces in the magazine. The exchange department contains only three criticisms, but these are very full and complete. We think, however, that more than three exchanges should be criticised. The editorials are full and well written. On the whole, *The Echo* is very good, especially good for a January number.

By far the best part of *The Wofford College Journal* is "A Son's Appeal" and "E. A. P.," both poems. They are much above those usually seen in college magazines. Of the two, we think the first one is the better, but both are very good. "Jim" shows the heroic efforts of a boy to rescue his sister. He saved her, but was himself lost; truly "the name of another hero has been added to the pages of the world's history." The editorials and clippings are very well gotten up.

It is a pleasure to review *The High School Student*, of Newport News, Va. As usual, it is full of very good readable matter. The poetry, four pieces, on intelligent subjects, is well worth studying. "The Bells" is exceptionally pretty. The debate, "*Resolved*, That Shylock was justifiable in his attitude towards Antonio," is very good. The debaters certainly had a clear idea of the play and have discussed the main feature (Shylock) of it in a very interesting manner. "Some Facts in the Early Life of Thomas Jefferson" is a very interesting essay. We see in it several things that are not generally known about this great statesman. The lighter fiction are "The Little Socialist," "In Dixie," "How Hiram Captured the Bank Robbers," and "One of Florine's Holiday Guests." The latter is very good.

The Transylvanian, of Kentucky University, contains several very interesting selections. "A Modern Hospitaler" is, we believe, the best, but "A Fairy of the Moonlight" is very good also. The essays, "A Trip Through Chinatown," and "Education and the University at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition," are well worth reading. The amount of poetry is short, but what there is, is deserving.

The Central Collegian contains several very good essays, but no poetry. A poem would add much to its worth. Of course, every college has not a poet, but with a staff of nine editors, *The Collegian* should be able to get one short piece of poetry in nearly every issue. A light, frivolous story would add much to balance the weighty matter found in this issue.

The January number of *The Columbia Monthly* is indeed very good, but does not contain a sufficient amount of poetry to balance the heavy essays and fiction. The essay, "The Habit of Responsibility," is very good and should be read by every college man that has a chance. "Drops from a Niliometer" is very interesting and instructive. The other entertaining matter is "The Message," "The Goal," "L'Adieu," "Countess De Belle-Isle," and "A Mutual Forgetting." The latter is especially good. It has a nice plot and has been treated in a fine way.

Full many a man is filled with dire dismay
The dark unfathomed female heart to dare;
Full many a vow is born to end its day
And waste its sweetness on the vain and fair.
—*Vanity.*

If somehow you fail to see the joke,
Don't frown and call the thing a poke;
Put on a grin, try to laugh some, do,
And say, it's all just utterly "too, too."

DISCRETION.

Her eyes were amber ; golden hair
In fairy ringlets fell ;
I begged of her to kiss me—
I said I wouldn't tell.

“What luck, old boy?” the fellows said,
“Come speak up—might as well ;”
“Nope—not from me—I've promised,
I said I wouldn't tell.”

—*Columbia Monthly.*

Whatever a man *seweth* that will he easily *rip*. —*Ex.*



E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

- - - - - EDITORS

On Thursday, the 26th of January, college exercises were suspended to attend the funeral services of the late Col. D. K. Norris, which took place in the afternoon at Pendleton. Col. Norris was one of the life Trustees of the College, and one of the most loyal of the institution's friends. The Faculty attended as honorary pall-bearers, and the Senior Class, with the First Sergeants of the Junior Class, as a guard of honor to escort the body to the grave, the First Sergeants firing a salute of three volleys over the grave after the services. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, the Board of Trustees sending an especially handsome wreath.

The class football games that were broken up by examinations before Christmas have been in full swing for several weeks now. In the first game played the Freshmen defeated

the Preps by a score of 22 to 0. The game was not characterized by any star plays but by the steady gains of the Freshmen. The Freshmen could have run the score up higher but couldn't resist the temptation of holding, and thereby lost a good many yards. The Preps, however, put up a plucky fight, but were just outclassed.

The next game, between the Juniors and the Sophs., created a great deal of interest and resulted in a tie, the score being 5 to 5. The Sophs. scored their touch-down in the first half, after thirty seconds of play, while the Juniors scored theirs in the second half, when there remained *only* thirty seconds to play. It was a close game and hotly contested from the first.

Then the Senior-Fresh game was a rather one-sided game. The result of the game was never in doubt after the first five minutes of play. In the first half the Seniors managed to score four touch-downs, and seemed to be able to do just what they pleased with the ball. In the second half the Fresh held a great deal better, and the final score was only 29 to 0 in favor of the Seniors. In all the games, so far, fifteen minute halves were played.

The game for the championship will be decided next Saturday, when the Juniors meet the Seniors.

On Friday night, the 20th of January, the Clemson College Science Club held its regular monthly meeting, at which the following interesting subjects were ably discussed: "Geology," by Dr. P. H. Mell; "Zoology," by Dr. Haven Metcalf; "Mathematics and Engineering," by Professor P. T. Brodie.

Dr. Haven Metcalf, Professor of Botany, has recently been elected a Fellow of the American Society of Bacteriologists.

The Southern Railway is replacing the old wooden bridge across the Seneca River by a substantial modern steel bridge. They are going to put larger engines on the road in the near future.

Dave Hill: "Say, Jones, wouldn't you like to go to New Orleans and make love to an Oriole (Creole) girl?"

Prof. M—: "Mr. Thompson, what is a right angle?"

T.—: "Half a straight angle, sir."

Prof. M.—: "And what is a right triangle?"

T.—: "Half a straight triangle, sir."

Mr. Dickinson, of the University of Arkansas, has entered upon his duties in the chemical department.

The celebration of the anniversary of the Columbian Literary Society was held in the Memorial Hall on January 21, 1905. The exercises were exceptionally good, and were well attended by the students.

The declaimer's medal was won by Mr. C. J. Lemmon, the orator's medal by Mr. L. E. Boykin, and the debater's medal by Mr. H. W. Barre.

Prof. Chambliss: "Mr. Hughes, how are the bones of the body connected?"

Hughes (looking at skeleton): "By wires, sir."

The Whitney Brothers' Quartette, one of the Lyceum numbers, failed to meet their appointment, the 14th of January, on account of the sickness of one of its members.

News was received from Vermont of the death of Mrs. Griswold, wife of Prof. C. B. Griswold, of the Clemson Faculty. The corps extend to Prof. Griswold their heartfelt sympathy in his great bereavement.

Prof. H. Benton, for several years Assistant Professor of Agriculture, has received a very flattering offer, with a good salary attached, from the Government Department of Agriculture at Washington. It is very likely that he will accept the position. Prof. Benton has worked hard at Clemson, and proved that he is a valuable man. Clemson will give him up with genuine regret, and will be the loser for his departure.

Rucker Taylor, before Soph-Junior game:

"A'r, the Sophs are going to beat."

"Bill" Waters: "How much?"

"Ruck:." "How I know, I ain't no profic teller" (prophet).

Invitations have been issued for the eleventh anniversary of the Palmetto Literary Society, which is to be held in the Memorial Hall, February 22d, at 8 P. M. The following programme will be rendered:

Presiding Officer.

A. J. Speer.

Declaimers.

L. R. Hoyt.....American Responsibility Measured.

R. E. Nickles.....Eulogium on Washington.

Music.

Orators.

L. S. Horton...Education, the Foundation of the Republic.

D. H. Hill.....The Commercial Progress of the South.

Music.

Debate.

Query: *Resolved*, That the protective tariff is a benefit to American labor.

Affirmative—L. W. Perrin. Negative—W. S. Baskin.

Music.

Decision of Judges.

Awarding of Medals.

Just after 97 had passed—"Rat" Woodward: "I wish I had counted the cars."

"Rat" Sherard: "Man, you would have to count them in shorthand."

A great commotion occurred on campus recently, when "Mother Nature" challenged "Rick" to a duel. Seconds were chosen, and after a brief consultation brick-bats were decided upon as the weapons to be used; but when the appointed time arrived, "Mother Nature" took the "cold feet."

Prof. Metcalf: "What is the matter with that clock to-day? It seems contrary."

McIver: "It's Prof. Morrison's clock."

Prof. M—: "Ought to send Prof. Chambliss to fix it."

Prof. Rawl: $.0021 \times 5 = 01.05$."

The Clemson College Minstrel Club was recently organized, and elected Mr. F. C. Wyse as manager. The object of the club is to give a minstrel show some time in February, the proceeds of which will go to help pay for the June edition of THE CHRONICLE, which, as before stated, will contain the picture and history of each man of the Senior Class. The club has very good material to work on, and intends to give a first class performance.

Prof. Calhoun: "Mr. Cornwell, what is the capital of Iowa?"

Cornwell: "Demosthenes" (Des Moines).

Prof. Jas. H. Rayhill, who is conducting a class in elocution and oratory, is arranging for a declaimer's contest for a gold medal. There will be six contestants, two to come from each of the three societies.

Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Mell entertained on Wednesday evening, in honor of Capt. and Mrs. Clay.

On Sunday, the 29th, the Sunday school elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Prof. Hale Houston; Assistant Superintendent, Prof. M. E. Bradley; Secretary, J. E. Johnson.

On Saturday night, the 28th, the three literary societies held a joint meeting in the Columbian Society hall. An interesting programme was rendered.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A., last Sunday, the following cadets were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, J. E. Johnson; Vice-President, J. C. Summers; Treasurer, D. S. Hollis; Secretary, H. S. Crawford.

Prof. Furman: "Mr. Hill, what did Bassanio want with the 3,000 ducats?"

Dave: "To buy caskets."

Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, President of Newberry College, preached a strong sermon in the college chapel last Sunday morning, the 29th ult., on the subject of "Courage." In the afternoon he delivered an address on "Missionary Work in Japan."

Miss Bell Hardin is visiting Misses Lydia and Mary Fuller in Columbia.

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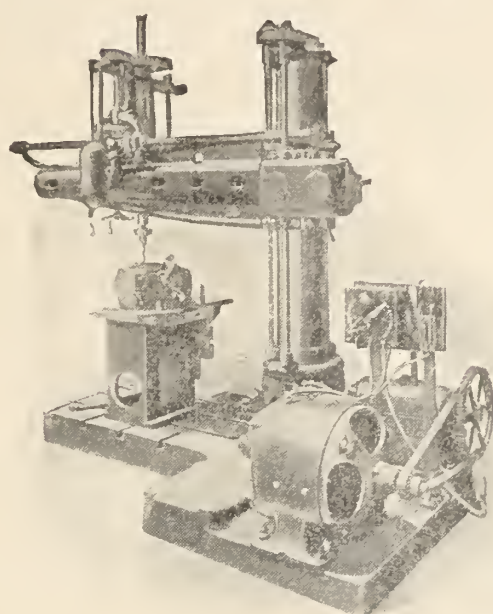
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See page 211.